THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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NATURAL WONDERS OF AMERICA

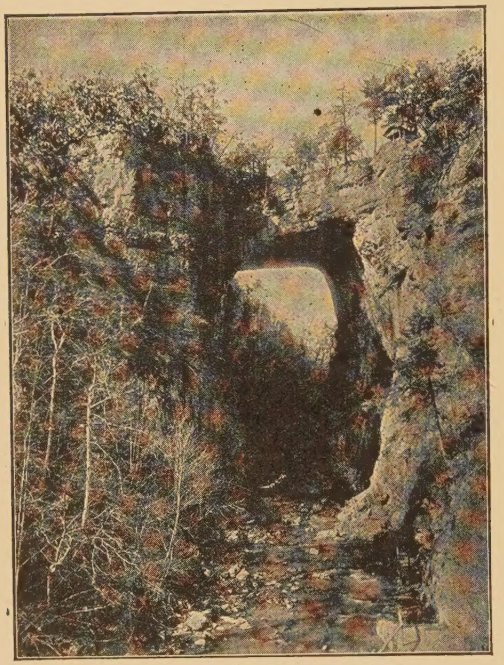
By DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF
Lecturer and Traveler

NIAGARA FALLS
GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO
GIANT GEYSER
YELLOWSTONE FALLS
GARDEN OF THE GODS
BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA

THE native American can with justice and with literal meaning say, "There's no place like home"; for, while each country contains much of peculiar interest, and scenery of great beauty, there is no country on the globe which comprises within its own borders so much of varied interest, so many astounding examples of Nature's handiwork, as America.

It was a new world of wonders that Columbus opened up in 1492. One by one these wonders have been disclosed in the course of four hundred years of development and exploration. The greatest of all, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, was not made known until 1869.

The first landing of Columbus was the key that opened a continent on which Nature had set her richest display of marvels. Even a partial statement of them is impressive. Cortés revealed the wonders of an ancient civilization in Mexico. Cartier discovered the splendors of the St. Lawrence River. De Soto disclosed the vast stretch of the Mississippi. Darby Field tempted the wrath of the Great Spirit that brooded on the summit of Mount Washington, when, in 1642, he led a



THE NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA

band of Indians on a trip of exploration through the White Mountains.

A LAND OF MANY WONDERS

Father Hennepin came upon the Falls of Niagara in 1678, and from a position now known as Hennepins Point he first viewed the majesty of the "Thundering Waters." He described them as "a vast and prodigious Cadence of water, which falls down after a surprising and astounding manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford a Parellel. . . . The Waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boyl after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder; for when the Wind blows out of the South, their dismal roaring may be heard more than fifteen leagues off."

The Yosemite Valley was first seen by white men in 1851, when a small company of soldiers, when pursuing Indians, came upon it suddenly. What is now the Yellowstone National Park was opened up by the Washburne expedition in 1870, although the trappers and traders had taken East stories of that wondrous region since 1830. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, reckoned now by many as Nature's most stupendous work, was made known in 1869 by Major Powell, an officer in charge of a government exploration party.

And this brief statement takes no account of America's vast mountain ranges, which include some of the loftiest peaks of the world, the great fresh water lakes, the Shoshone Falls, the Mammoth Cave, the Caves of Luray, the Natural Bridge, the Palisades, and the countless mineral springs with their varied healing properties.

NIAGARA, THE WORLD'S GREATEST FALLS

Of all these wonders, the most widely known is Niagara. The Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, and the Yellowstone display their beauties on a far greater scale and paint them in a richer palette of colors; but Niagara adds to its beauty an impression of gigantic power, conveyed by

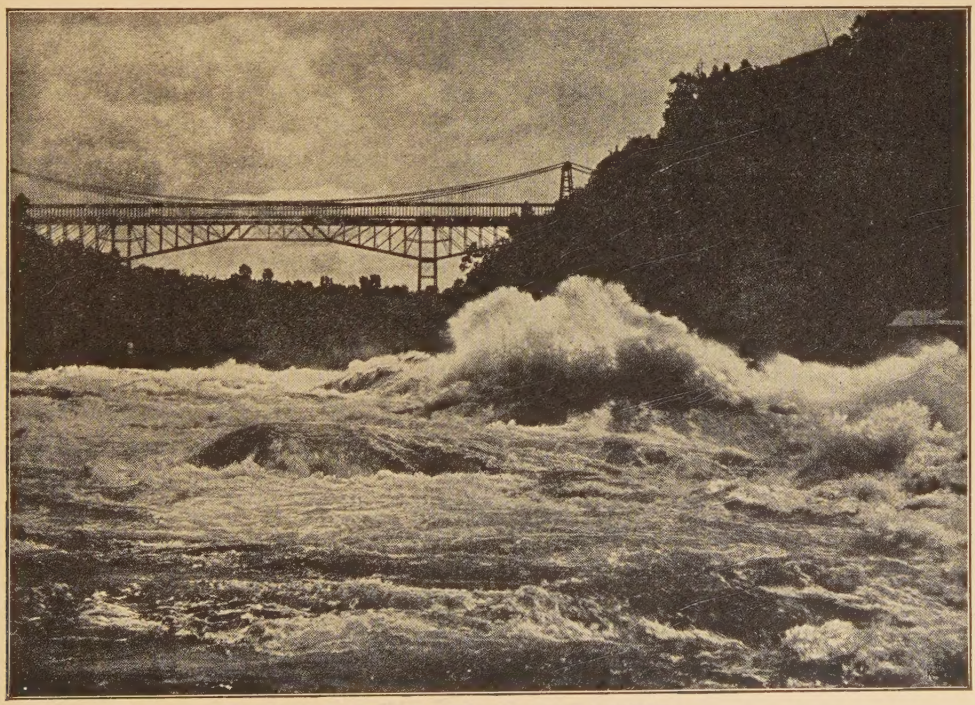
the great volume and deep thunder of its falling waters. Who can describe Niagara? Many have tried it. Sir Edwin Arnold has done it in words that linger in the mind almost as vividly as the memory of Niagara itself:

"Before my balcony the great cataract is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers and rapids, hurling the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long, brown rock by which Erie, 'The Broad,' steps proudly down to Ontario, 'The Beautiful.'

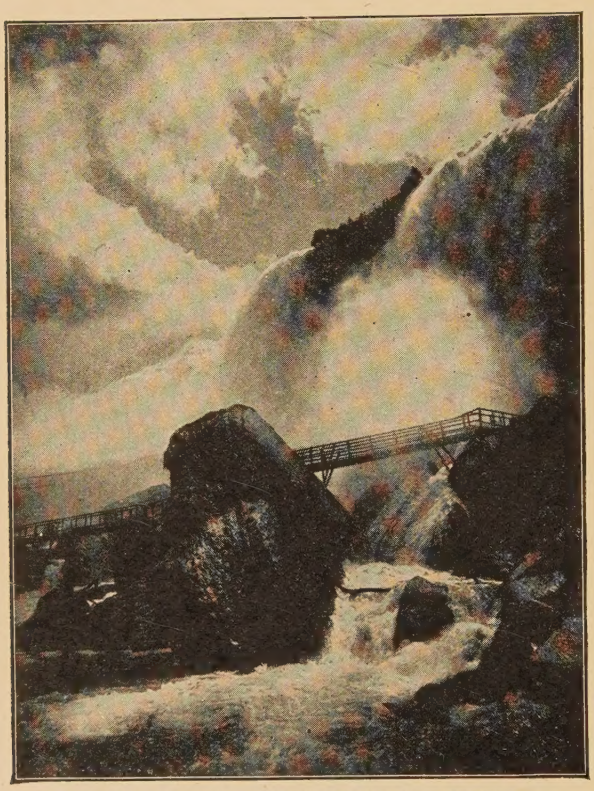
"The smaller but very imposing American Falls speaks with the louder voice of the two, because its coiling spirals of twisted and furious flood crash in full impulse of descent upon the talus of massive boulders heaped up at its foot.

"The resounding impact of water on rocks, the clouds of water-smoke, which rise high in air, and the river below churned into a whirling cream of eddy and surge and backwater, unite in a composite effect, at once magnificent and bewildering.

"Far away Niagara River is seen winding eagerly to its prodigious leap. You can discern the line of the first breakers, where the river feels



LOWER RAPIDS, NIAGARA RIVER



ROCK OF AGES AND CAVE OF THE WINDS
Niagara Falls

the fatal draw of the cataracts, its current seeming suddenly to leap forward, stimulated by mad desire, a hidden spell, a dreadful and irresistible doom.

"Far back along the gilded surface of the upper stream these lines of dancing, tossing, eager, anxious, and fate-impelled breakers and billows multiply their white ranks, and spread and close together their leading ridges into a wild chaos of racing waves as the brink is approached. And then, at the brink, there is a curious pause—the momentary peace of the irrevocable. Those mad upper waters, reaching the great leap, are suddenly all quiet and glassy, and rounded and green as the border of a field of rye, while they turn the angle of the dreadful ledge and hurl themselves into the snow-white gulf of noise and mist and mystery underneath.

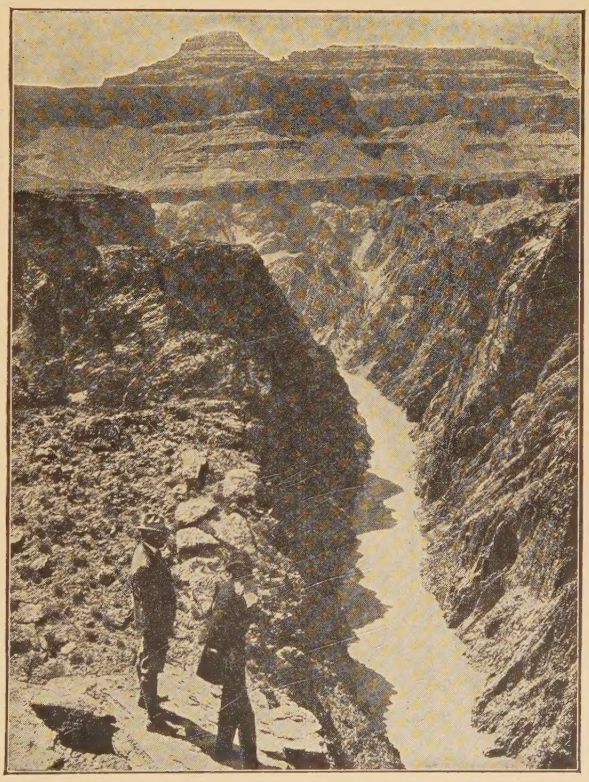
"There is nothing more translucently green, nor more perennially still and lovely, than Niagara the greater. At this, her awful brink, the whole architrave of the main abyss gleams like a fixed and glorious work wrought in polished aquamarine or emerald. This exquisitely colored cornice of the enormous waterfall—this brim of bright tranquillity between fervor of rush and fury of plunge—is its principal feature, and stamps it as far more beautiful than terrible. Even the central solemnity and shudder-fraught miracle of the monstrous uproar and glory is rendered exquisite, reposeful, and soothing by the lovely rainbows hanging over the turmoil and clamor.

"From its crest of chrysoprase and silver, indeed, to its broad foot of milky foam and of its white-stunned waves, too broken and too dazed to begin at first to float away, Niagara appears not terrible, but divinely and deliciously graceful, glad and lovely,—a specimen of the splendor of

water at its finest,—a sight to dwell and linger in the mind with ineffaceable images of happy and grateful thought: by no means to affect it in seeing or to haunt it in future days of memory with any wild reminiscences of terror or of gloom."

NATURE'S GREATEST GORGE

Although the Grand Canyon of the Colorado has been known for only about forty years, the accounts of it have stirred the imagination to such an extent that the visitor goes there with his eyes and mind open and prepared for striking and unusual things. But he cannot be fully prepared for what he actually does see, no matter how familiar he may be with it in its picture form, or how many glowing descriptions of it he may have heard. The Colorado River is formed by the junction of the Green and Grand Rivers, and flows southward till it is joined by the Little Colorado of Arizona. From this point the river bends westward, and for more than two hundred miles flows through the Grand Canyon. The cliffs on each side attain a height of from four thousand to six thousand feet above the stream, the northern rim higher than the southern. The width of the Canyon varies from fifteen to eighteen miles, and in this vast space, sculptured by the wear of the Colorado River through countless centuries, an astounding monumental work has been wrought.



COLORADO RIVER GRAND CANYON

"THE DIVINE ABYSS"

"It is beautiful—oh, how beautiful!" exclaims John Burroughs, in describing the Grand Canyon. "But it is a beauty that awakens a feeling of solemnity and awe. We called it the 'divine abyss.' It seems as much of heaven as of earth. Go out to O'Neils or

BRANCH OF THE GRAND CANYON

Hopi Point, and as you emerge from the woods you get glimpses of a blue or rose-purple gulf opening before you. The solid ground ceases suddenly, and an aërial perspective, vast and alluring, takes its place; another heaven, countersunk in the earth, transfixes you on the brink. 'Great God!' I can fancy the first beholder of it saying, 'What is this? Do I behold the transfiguration of the earth? Has the solid ground melted into thin air? Is there a firmament below as well as above? Has the earth's veil at last been torn aside, and the red heart of the globe been laid bare?' If this first witness was not at once overcome by the beauty of the earthly revelation before him, or terrified by its strangeness and power, he must have stood long, awed, spellbound, speechless with astonishment, and thrilled with delight. He may have seen vast and glorious prospects from mountaintops, he may have looked down upon the earth and seen it unroll like a map before him; but he had never before looked *into* the earth as through a mighty window or open door, and beheld depths and gulfs of space, with their atmospheric veils and illusions and vast perspectives, such as he had seen from mountain summits, but with a wealth of color and a suggestion of architectural and monumental remains, and a strange, almost unearthly beauty, such as no mountain view could ever have afforded him.

"Three features of the Canyon strike one at once,—its unparalleled magnitude, its architectural forms and suggestions, and its opulence of color effects,—a chasm nearly a mile deep and from ten to twenty miles wide, in which Niagara would be only as a picture upon your walls, in which the pyramids, seen from the rim, would appear only like large tents, and in which the largest building upon the earth would dwindle to insignificant proportions. There are amphitheaters and mighty aisles

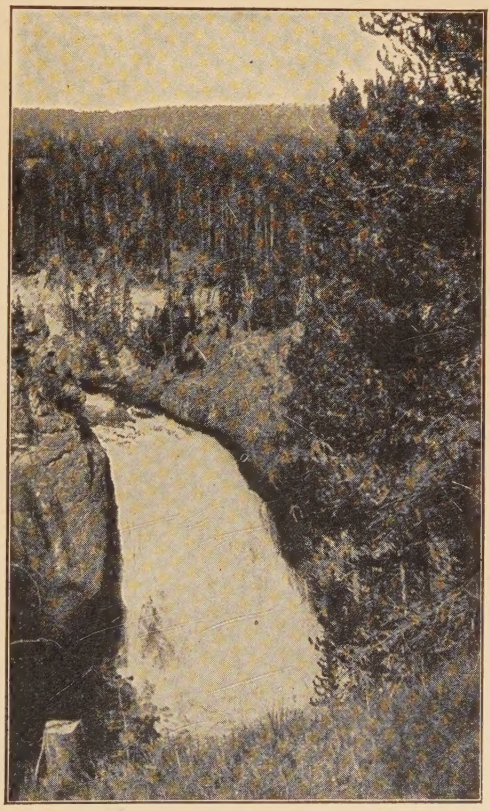
eight miles long, three or four miles wide, and three or four thousand feet deep; there are roomlike spaces eight hundred feet high; there are well defined alcoves with openings a mile wide; there are niches six hundred feet high, overhung by arched lintels; there are pinnacles and rude statues from one hundred to two hundred feet high."

YELLOWSTONE PARK, NATURE'S MUSEUM

The Grand Canyon and Niagara are wonders of the superb monumental type that Nature sets in places apart, as if in pride of her own achievement. In the Yellowstone National Park she has gathered together, as in a great museum, a vast number of varying marvels, the smallest of which are curious, and the largest, such as the Yellowstone Canyon and Falls, rival in beauty and magnitude the greatest of her works.

YELLOWSTONE FALLS AND THEIR CANYON

In many ways the most marvelous, and without doubt the most beautiful, of the wonders of the Park, is the Canyon. It is much smaller than the Grand Canyon; but it has a beauty of its own that gives it a unique place in the traveler's mind. It extends northward from the Falls of the Yellowstone for a distance of twenty miles, although the deepest and at the same time the most picturesque part lies between the Falls and Inspiration Point. Here, in a short space of three miles, Nature has expended all her art in a display of colors unapproached by anything of the kind in the world. Brilliant tints of yellow, orange, vermilion, green, and purple color the pinnacles and cliffs, while, in the depths, a thousand feet below, flows the Yellowstone River, sparkling like an emerald. And from In-



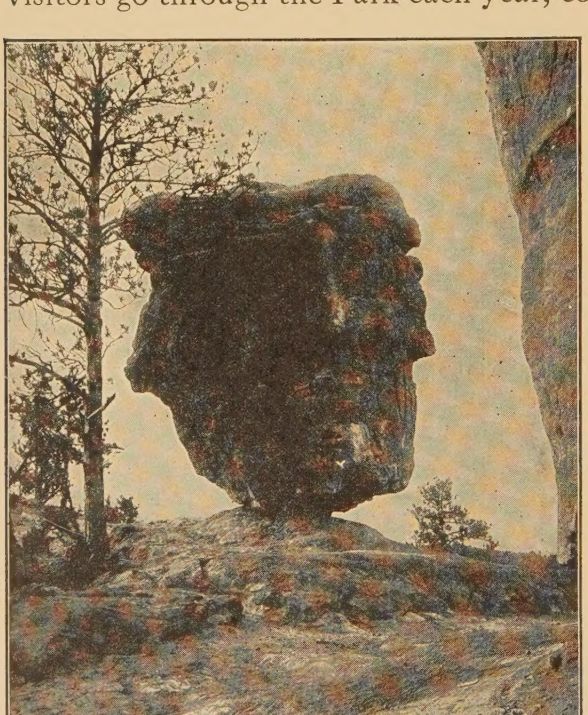
UPPER YELLOWSTONE FALLS

spiration Point, as we look up the Canyon, we are held fascinated by the gleaming beauty of the Falls, which seems to hang like a magically moving, white jabot from the neck of the Canyon. There are falls greater in size; but the remarkable setting of the Yellowstone Falls gives it its particular distinction. The river contracts at the brink from a width of two hundred and fifty feet to seventy-five feet, and then plunges in a stream of glittering lace into the abyss beneath.

On one side the rocks are of a reddish brown color, while on the other a brilliant yellow, tinted with the delicate green of the mossy growth produced by the continuous clouds of spray that rise from the tumbling waters as they fall on the rocks below.

THE EARTH'S GREATEST GEYSER

This great tract of land was set apart by act of Congress in 1872 as a pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. Many visitors go through the Park each year, coming out in wonder and amaze, and with impressions of Nature's constructive genius that they find it difficult to describe. Perhaps the most vivid of the impressions brought home are those of the Geyser Basin, a section of the Park that has not yet found an eloquent interpreter. There are many geysers—about one hundred fully entitled to the name—and more than four thousand "hot springs." These geysers vary in size, in character, and in eruptive energy. The grandest of them all is the "Giant Geyser," the beauty and power of which are not known to all visitors; for the eruptions are very irregular, occurring from seven to nine days apart. The hurried tourist is apt to miss the display, which is one of the finest sights in the Park. Vast quantities of super-



THE BALANCED ROCK
Garden of the Gods

heated water are thrown to the height of over two hundred feet, while the clouds of steam rise still higher. At each effort of the Giant the earth trembles and quakes as if some monster were endeavoring to escape confinement.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, NATURE'S EXPERIMENT

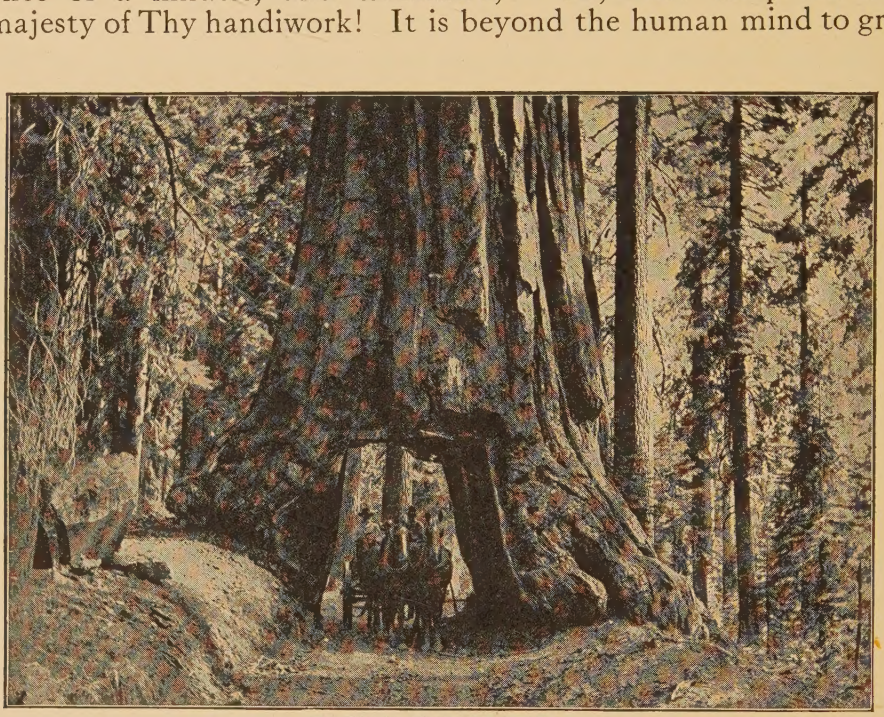
Colorado is a state richly endowed in canyons, in varied plains, and in mineral springs. Colorado Springs is at the very threshold of a theater of natural wonders. About one mile distant is the "Garden of the Gods," rich in sights for the curious. Its very gateway is promising. Nature has placed there two enormous blocks of brilliant red rock, three hundred and thirty feet high and side by side like rude posts, with just space enough between for the roadway that leads within.

The whole extent of the Garden of the Gods is about five hundred acres, and it is grotesquely studded with strange rock formations. To some it appeals not so much as a garden, but rather as a workshop in which Nature has been making experiments, and, in doing so, has strewn her floor with odd fragments and eccentric examples of her handiwork.

NATURE'S OLDEST LIVING REPRESENTATIVE

The state of California is the home of great natural products. All things there are cast in heroic mold, whether they be vegetables, fruit, or trees. There we find the Sequoia National Park in the high Sierras, known as the "Giant Forest." Here trees several thousand years old grow to heights of over four hundred feet, stretching their lowest limbs one hundred feet above the ground. There are many groves of such trees—huge forest "Sons of Anak"—of a stature that dwarfs by comparison the great elms and oaks of the East to the inconsiderable dimensions of a shrub! These mammoth plants of Nature make a strong appeal to our imagination. We like to see how many paces we need to circle round the trunk. We cut a tunnel through them, wide enough to drive a coach and team. We measure the number of houses that could be built from one of them. We mentally lay them end on end to see how few would be needed to stretch a mile. These imaginings are diverting. They give a vivid impression of these forest giants. But, after all, there is nothing the lover of Nature can do or say in their presence that can mean more than the simple expression of the wayfarer, years ago, who came suddenly upon the brink of the Grand Canyon, and caught his hat hastily from his head, humbled in the

presence of a miracle, and exclaimed, "Oh, God! Help me to feel the majesty of Thy handiwork! It is beyond the human mind to grasp!"



WAWONA TUNNEL TREE

AMERICA, THE LAND OF GREATEST WONDERS

It has been said that Americans "talk big" of their country. It is most natural for us to acquire that habit; for we live in the midst of Big Things. Our continent is big. The United Kingdom would go twice inside the state of Texas, and still leave plenty of room. And our country is full of Big Sights. The distinguishing characteristic of the wonders of the land is their magnitude. Nature has, in America, found expression in her largest forms, and wherever the traveler goes in this country to see the sights he finds them the greatest of their kind. Niagara is the "Great Thunderer"—"greatest" of cataracts in its volume of water. The fresh water lakes are the "greatest" in the world. The Mammoth Cave is the "greatest" cave; the Sequoia Grove contains the "greatest" trees; the Yellowstone Park contains "great" waterfalls and the Giant Geyser; and the Colorado River has hewn out the Canyon whose magnitude demands a stronger term than "Great," and claims the title "Grand."

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Our Italy	*Charles Dudley Warner*
Touring Alaska and the Yellowstone	*Charles M. Taylor, Jr.*
The Yellowstone National Park	*H. M. Chittenden*
Old Trails on the Niagara Frontier	*F. H. Severance*
Niagara Falls	*Geo. W. Halley*
The Romance of the Colorado River	*Frederick S. Dellenbaugh*
A Canyon Voyage	*Frederick S. Dellenbaugh*
Mountain Trails and Parks in Colorado	*L. B. France*
Colorado	*Bayard Taylor*

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

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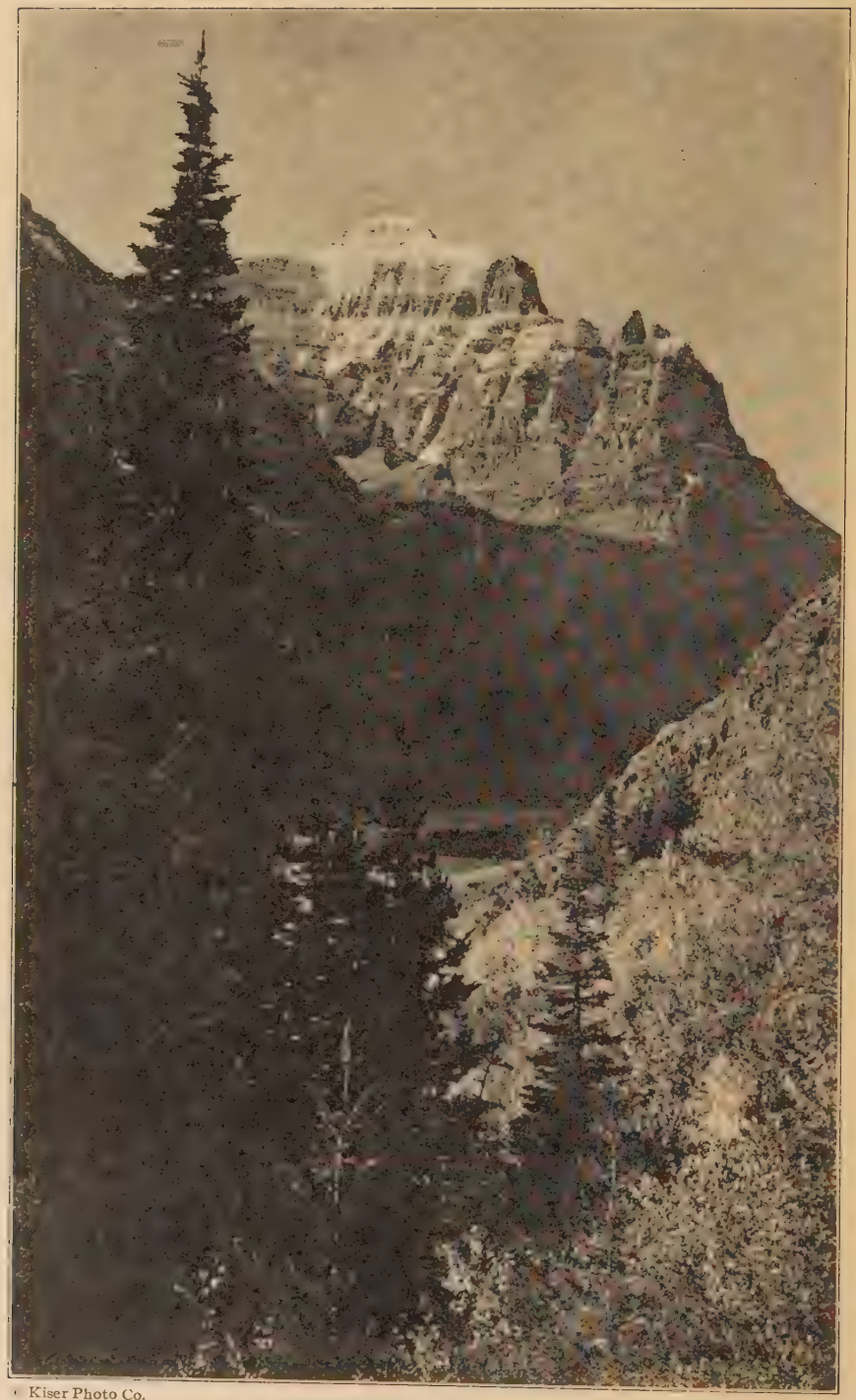

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RED EAGLE MOUNTAIN, MONTANA

THE GRAND CANYON OF COLORADO

ONE

THE human mind cannot grasp the magnitude and magic beauty of the Grand Canyon. Those who have not been there either don't understand or don't believe half they hear of it; those who have been there cannot describe it. One man who saw it was actually doubtful of its existence. When brought suddenly to the rim of what has been called the "Divine Abyss," he turned his head away, covered his eyes, and exclaimed, "I don't believe it is real!"

The Canyon has been cut out by the Colorado River in the course of a matter of time like twenty million years. The cutting has been done through horizontal layers of rock of various sorts and colors, one above the other. It is now from 6,000 to 7,000 feet deep, from 13 to 18 miles across, and over 200 miles long. It was known to the Indians, of course, from time immemorial. The Spaniards saw it, and rumors floated east concerning it early in the last century. Major Powell, heading a government exploration party, came through the Canyon in '69. He found it hard to make people understand the character of the Canyon—and why not? The Indians who had known it so long viewed it with awe, stood on its brink prayerfully, and explored it with worshipful reverence. They made a trail down to the depths, by the Colorado River, and spent their winters on the lowest plateau. It was warmer there. The old Indian gardens are rich and fertile. Sometime along in the '70's a wanderer from farther north, John Hance by name, went to the Canyon. Coming from Missouri, he was curious and "wanted to know." He never left the Canyon; and as an old man, he lived at the rim of it in summer and in the lower levels in winter.

Some think that Hance, living for so many years in what is called "the awful hush of the Canyon," should have been dumb. But he was not—far from it! He told you how the Canyon came to be, and he pointed out the great architectural structures carved by the river, and told you the names that have been given them. Hance lived there during the years in which a visit to the Canyon was like pioneering. In 1897 twenty-three people went there. They had to ride in wagons 75 miles over rough roads, from the lumber town of Flagstaff. There is now a luxurious hotel, "El Tovar," on the brink of the Canyon, and every year there are many thousand visitors.

The oldtimers say that the real spirit of the Canyon cannot be absorbed from a hotel piazza: that one must earn his right to see it by roughing it through the woods. They discourage any attempt to picture the Canyon in words. They say that no painter or writer had got the "Suddenness of it, the Size of it, and the Silence of it."

Many artists have tried to picture the Canyon. The most notable paintings of it are those by Thomas Moran. Mr. Moran accompanied Major Powell in one of his explorations, and he paints with full observation and scientific knowledge. In 1910 a group of artists, including Mr. Moran, visited the Canyon. The newcomers caught the "Canyon fever," and they are painting it in one way or another today. But the Canyon is still at large. It will not be confined to canvas. It will not even be photographed. The air is so clear that the camera mixes the foreground and the far ground, and loses the distance.

There is no way to compass the wonder of it. Against Painter, Poet, Photographer and Traveler it opposes a calm, sublime, inscrutable, eternal Silence.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

Illustration for THE MENTOR, Vol. I., No. 7, Serial No. 7.

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THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA

TWO

A TREE several thousand years old ought to be pretty big. Scientists tell us that some of the larger trees in California are older than four thousand years, and their size bears out the statement. They are probably the oldest living things on earth. The age of a tree, as you know, is estimated from the number of circles that can be counted after it has been sawed across the trunk. Each year a new circle is added round the center, so that by counting the number of circles the age can be easily determined.

The height of these trees is so great that the tallest church spire of the city would come under the lowest branches. The tallest Sequoia, for that is their name, is 405 feet high, and at the base it is 110 feet round. They are forty feet across at their widest part. Some of these trees are so large that a road has been tunneled through their base and a stage coach can be driven through the opening.

The trees are almost imperishable; fire and the woodman's ax are their worst enemies. They grow only in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, between the heights of 3,500 feet and 7,500 feet above sea level.

The bark of the Sequoia is a brilliant cinnamon, and the sturdy branches high up the trunk are thatched with masses of evergreen leaves. The bark on some of the older trees is over three feet thick, and the furrows give the tree the appearance of a fluted column.

There are many groves and forests of these big trees. The Calaveras is the best known Northern grove, and contains about one hundred of the giants, one being 325 feet high. Many other groves have thousands of trees over 300 feet high. The Giant Forest is, however, the greatest forest in the world. Here we find three thousand trees whose height is over 300 feet, and whose girth is over 50 feet. Many of the trees are named, and their dimensions have been carefully measured. "Old Methuselah" is the largest of all the trees, having a base circumference of over 110 feet.

The big trees were discovered in 1853, when Mr. A. T. Dowd, when pursuing a wounded bear, came upon the Calaveras Grove. To get some idea of the size of these great trees let us take some imaginary cases. If one of these trees were laid across a stream 30,000 men could march over it in three-quarters of an hour. If one of the big trees were cut up into lumber, it would contain 750,000 feet, and this would supply a telegraph line from Kansas City to Chicago with the necessary poles. If the limbs of the "Grizzly Giant" were cut and placed on the ground, with room according to their size, they would make a large forest in themselves.

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GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

THE GIANT GEYSER OF YELLOWSTONE PARK

THREE

THE spectacular spouting of a geyser is so different from any other of Nature's freaks that it has always been a wonder to everyone. Old Mother Earth seems so solid to the average person that the idea that the center is a soft, fiery mass has always been difficult to believe; but when you go to Yellowstone Park and see the "Giant Geyser" spouting hot water and mud to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, it will make you believe that not very far down in the earth there must be a very hot fire.

The hole that the Giant Geyser comes from is surrounded by a cone, the crater of which is almost constantly boiling or splashing. Once every six days the Geyser boils more violently than usual, and lifts the center a few inches above the general level and then subsides. Again and again it seems to struggle to escape, until finally the whole mass of water, wrapped in a mantle of steam, shoots skyward and falls to earth again, a glittering mass of spray. The height of the column gradually decreases until the close of the eruption, which is preceded by a rumbling sound similar to a distant train of cars. It usually takes from one to two days to quiet down. By day the display is dazzlingly brilliant; by night the scene in the soft, silvery moonlight, is even more impressive in its solemn majesty.

The difference between a geyser and a hot spring is that a geyser erupts periodically. The cause of these irregular spoutings is probably due to the irregularity of the tube descending to some interior source of heat. By the gradual heating of subterranean water to the boiling point, the pressure in the tube becomes so great that when it is sufficiently strong to force an opening, the water in the crater at the top instantly changes into steam and throws out practically the entire contents of the crater with terrific violence.

Geysers are found all over the world; but are more highly developed in Iceland, New Zealand, and Yellowstone Park. There are about one hundred geysers in the Park, and they are situated near the Firehole River.

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NIAGARA FALLS

WHEN the water of Lake Erie wants to get into Lake Ontario, it takes a step down. And that step is Niagara Falls. The total fall from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, is 327 feet and Niagara, with a fall of 160 feet, is a big part of that. Seven thousand tons of water falling every second over a step like this is likely to be a rather impressive sight. Most people who visit Niagara do not realize that at one time the Falls were at the Whirlpool. But this is so. The whole Niagara Gorge was cut out by the water itself, and the Falls are still receding at the rate of about 450 feet every hundred years. Figure this out, and you will find that just about 2,962 years ago the Falls were at the Whirlpool. This would be about 300 years before the founding of Rome.

The reason that the Falls recede in this way is that they go over hard Niagara limestone, beneath which are layers of soft shale. This soft stone is cut away by the water, and the limestone is cracked and broken off by frost and its own weight. The Niagara Gorge is at present about six and one-half miles long.

The Rock of Ages, which was once a part of the shelf and stood for many centuries looking down upon the waters below, now lies ignominiously at the foot of the Falls. Worn away by the water, it too finally broke off.

The age of Niagara Falls has been variously estimated at from 23,000 to 36,000 years. Brulé, a Frenchman, the interpreter of Champlain, the explorer, was probably the first white man to see them. This was in 1615. Father Hennepin, a French priest, visited the Falls in 1678, and later wrote a brief but vivid description of them. He also drew the first sketch ever made of the cataract. The drawing was fairly accurate.

Niagara played a prominent part in the wars between the British and the French and Indians. On September 14, 1763, the Seneca Indians massacred a whole wagon train of British at Devils Hole by driving them, teams and all, over the precipice. Of the entire company, only three escaped. They were crossing a small stream when they were attacked, and from the sanguinary conflict upon its banks the little stream received the name of Bloody Run.

During the years 1859-61 Monsieur Blondin, a Frenchman, performed marvelous feats of tight-rope walking over the Niagara Gorge. Among some of his feats were walking across the rope chained hand and foot; walking the passage at night; crossing with his feet in butter tubs; crossing without a balancing pole; carrying a cooking stove to the middle of the rope, where he stopped and cooked an omelet; and many other daring acts. Other rope-walkers have imitated Blondin's feats; but he was the leader and superior of them all.

In 1861 the "Maid of the Mist" successfully navigated the Niagara Rapids. In 1883 Captain Webb, the famous English swimmer, was killed trying to swim the rapids. Since then many others have attempted to gain notoriety by going through them, and several lives have been lost. On October 24, 1901, Mrs. Annie E. Taylor went over the Horseshoe Falls in a barrel and survived—a feat never before accomplished by anyone. Except for a cut upon the head and a few bruises, Mrs. Taylor was uninjured.

Thundering and glittering and foaming, the great cataract will plunge on for centuries to come; and winter after winter the cold will transform the Falls into a veritable fairyland of ice. Men will be born, live, achieve greatness or ignominy, and die, but still Niagara will go on forever.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION

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YELLOWSTONE FALLS

THE Upper Falls of Yellowstone Park differs in some respects from almost any other. The ledge over which the cataract falls is perpendicular; yet the flow at the crest of the Falls is so fast that the water pours over as if on the surface of a rapidly revolving mill wheel. The water strikes the shelving rock formation at the bottom of the abyss, shooting out rocket-like columns into the air, then with added velocity rushes rapidly along, so remarkably clear that its apparently smooth, rocky bottom can be seen along the entire distance. Above the Falls the current is very rapid, tumbling and rushing round masses of rock which dot the surface of the river.

A quarter of a mile below the Upper Falls the river takes another leap of three hundred and ten feet, called the Lower Falls. This plunge taken, the river goes through one of the unparalleled wonders of the world, the Canyon of the Yellowstone. No other canyon so unites the qualities of majesty and beauty. It is vast. A cross section in the largest part measures 2,000 feet at the top, 200 feet at the bottom, and is 1,200 feet deep, giving an area of over three acres. It is the volcanic rock through which the river has cut its way, however, that gives the Canyon its distinctive character. It is above everything a canyon of color. Color riots in rock, river and verdure.

"And," writes Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, "almost beyond all else, you are fascinated by the magnificence and utter opulence of color. Those are not simply gray and hoary depths, and reaches and domes and pinnacles of sullen rock. The whole gorge flames. It is as though rainbows had fallen out of the sky and hung themselves there like glorious banners. The undying color is the clearest yellow; this flushes onward into orange. Down at the base the deepest mosses unroll their draperies of the most vivid green; browns, sweet and soft, do their blending; white rocks stand spectral; turrets of rock shoot up as crimson as though they were drenched through with blood. It is a wilderness of color. It is impossible that even the pencil of an artist can tell it. What you would call, accustomed to the softer tints of nature, a great exaggeration, would be the utmost tameness compared with the reality. It is as if the most glorious sunset you ever saw had been caught and held upon that resplendent, awful gorge."

Yellowstone Falls, while it carries less than one-twentieth the water that goes over Niagara, is infinitely more beautiful. Niagara lacks the splendid scenic surroundings and is just one tremendous mass of falling water. Yellowstone Falls is set in a scenic picture unapproached by any other falls in the world.

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THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

SIX

NATURE was in a whimsical mood when she created the Garden of the Gods. Those who study the queer formations of the earth tell us that the creation of such remarkable pinacles, spires and ragged groups was the result of many years of erosion. It is a wonderful spot, visited the creation of such remarkable pinnacles, spires, and ragged groups was the result of many years of erosion. It is a wonder spot, visited by thousands of tourists every year. Located on the outskirts of Colorado Springs, and at the base of Pike's Peak, its setting is one of the most beautiful in the country.

A natural gateway, leading into the Garden, is formed by two immense slabs of red sandstone, which rise to the height of more than three hundred feet. Between the two large pillars stands a smaller stone, which could properly be termed the "sentinel."

It was a bit of writing on the back of an old envelope that gave this beautiful Garden to the public. It was the property of Charles E. Perkins. When he died an envelope was found on which the following words were written: "It is my wish that my children give the Garden of the Gods to the City of Colorado Springs for park purposes."

Under the bright blue sky of Colorado—a sky such as we see nowhere else in the United States—the brilliance of the red coloring and the strange rock formation strike impressively into the mind and heart of the beholder. This Garden is wonderfully well named. It seems, in truth, a playground of the gods. It covers an area of about five hundred acres, within which are strangely sculptured sandstone rocks, red and white. Grotesque in form, the giant figures sometimes appear almost as if made in human lines. To many of these figures names have been given, suggested by their various shapes. In the distance rises the imposing mass of Pike's Peak.

It is perhaps from the color of these rocks, which are characteristic of the State, and line the Colorado River, that the Spaniards called it "red-color" or Colorado.

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